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COWBOY WESTERN

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Wild Bill Nickok

THE
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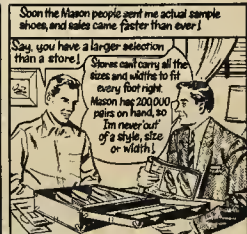
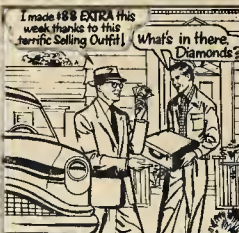
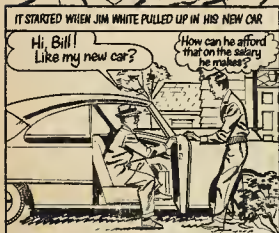


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COWBOY WESTERN



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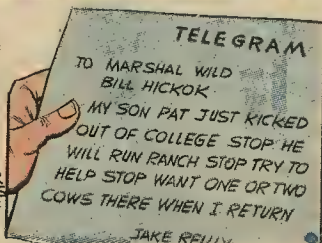
Wild Bill Hickok AND Jingles

in TENDERFOOT TROUBLE

OLD JAKE REILLY WAS A LEGEND IN THE CATTLE COUNTRY BEFORE HE EVER HAD A GRAY HAIR. HE AND WILD BILL HICKOK HAD FOUGHT MANY BATTLES, SHOULDER TO SHOULDER -- SO WHEN OLD JAKE ASKED HIM TO KEEP AN EYE ON HIS SON WHILE HE WAS IN WASHINGTON, WILD BILL QUICKLY AGREED. BUT THE JOB WASN'T AS EASY AS IT SOUNDED.



OLD JAKE REILLY HAD BEEN GONE A MONTH WHEN HE SENT THE TELEGRAM TO BILL. HE WAS IN WASHINGTON FIGHTING FOR WATER RIGHTS FOR HIS HUGE CATTLE EMPIRE...



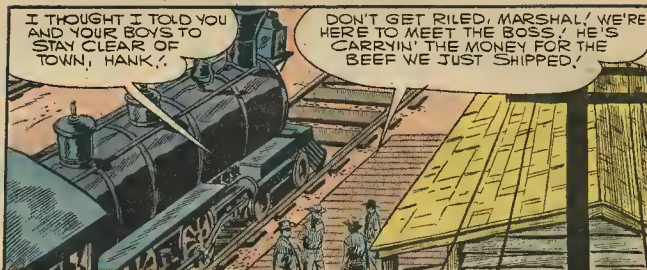
SO YUH GOTTA PLAY DADDY TUH A TENDER-FOOT? WHEN IS HE DUE?

TODAY'S TRAIN, HE'LL BE A REAL BEARCAT IF HE'S ANYTHING LIKE OLD JAKE!



COWBOY WESTERN

THE KANSAS CITY TRAIN GROUND TO A STOP A FEW MINUTES LATER! THERE WERE OTHERS WAITING AT THE STATION TOO...



I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU AND YOUR BOYS TO STAY CLEAR OF TOWN, HANK.

DON'T GET RILED, MARSHAL! WE'RE HERE TO MEET THE BOSS! HE'S CARRYIN' THE MONEY FOR THE BEEF WE JUST SHIPPED!

YOU MUST BE JAKE'S SON! I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU IN YEARS BUT YOU LOOK LIKE JAKE!

YOU MUST BE HICKOK! MR. DURKIN TOLD ME ALL ABOUT YOU ON THE RIDE HERE!

I SEE YOU ALREADY RUBBED SOME OF YOUR POISON OFF ON JAKE'S SON, DURKIN!

I JUST TOLD HIM THE TRUTH, HICKOK!

COME ON, PAT--I'LL BUY THE GRUB! I'LL TELL YOU MORE ABOUT OUR MARSHAL!

HE'LL BUY IT WITH YOUR OWN MONEY, PAT! HE'S BEEN STEALING YOUR DAD'S BEEF!



CALLIN' ME A RUIS...
OOOFF!



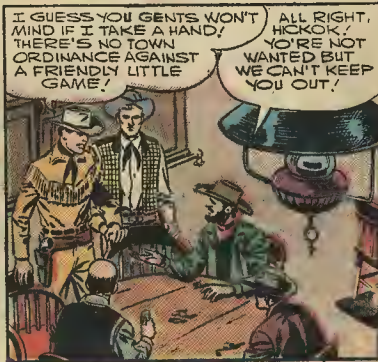
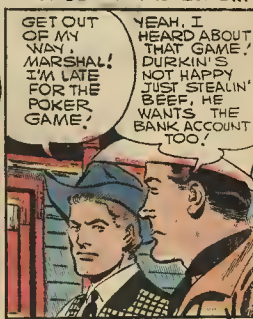
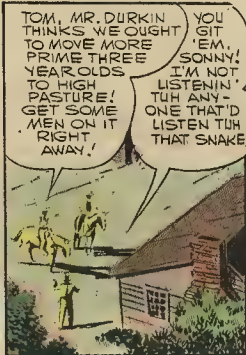
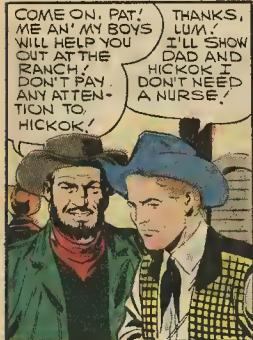
I SHOULD'VE BROKEN YOUR ARM! GO WITH THEM, REILLY!

COWBOY WESTERN

DURKIN FILLED YOUNG REILLY WITH BAD STORIES ABOUT THE FIGHTING MARSHAL-- PAT BELIEVED EVERY WORD...

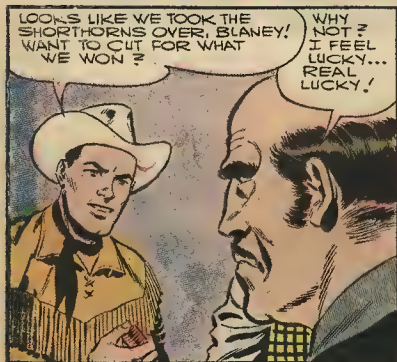
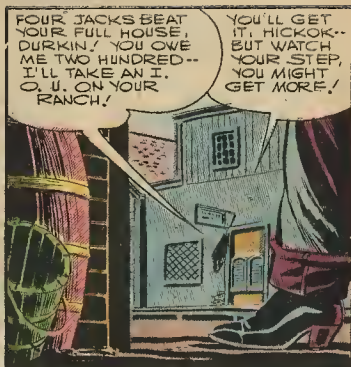
THE "2 X" FOREMAN HAD WORKED FOR JAKE REILLY FOR YEARS. BUT...

WITH THE HELP OF THE DURKIN CREW, REILLY PROCEEDED TO LOSE CATTLE FASTER THAN EVER. HE WENT TO TOWN OFTEN TO FORGET HIS TROUBLES...

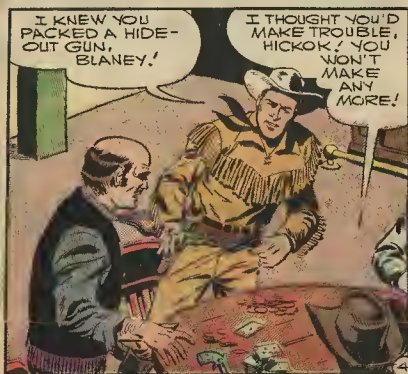


COWBOY WESTERN

BILL HELD HIS OWN, WINNING SOME POTS, WHILE STICK BLANEY MADE A KILLING! YOUNG PAT REILLY WROTE CHECK AFTER CHECK FOR THOUSANDS...



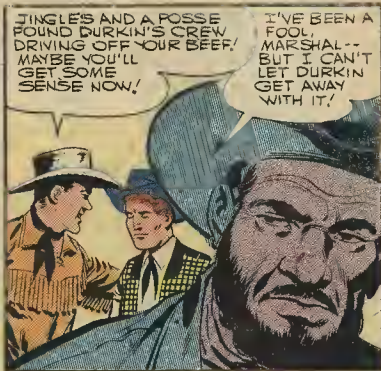
MARSHAL HICKOK KNEW THAT BLANEY HAD MARKED CARDS-- BUT HE KNEW THE MARKINGS AS WELL AS THE CROOKED GAMBLER...



COWBOY WESTERN



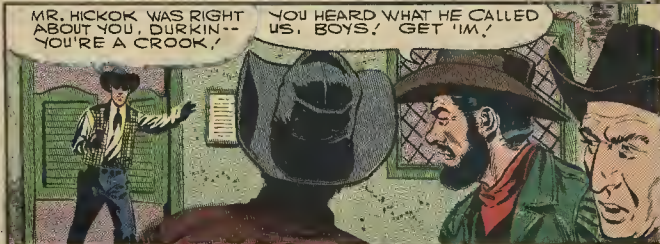
DON'T TRY IT, DURKIN!
YOUR SCHEME TO GET
THE REILLY SPREAD
FLOPPED! I HAVE
I. O. U.'S FOR YOURS!
GET OUT OF THE
COUNTRY! START
NOW! SCRAM!



JINGLE'S AND A POSSE
FOUND DURKIN'S CREW
DRIVING OFF YOUR BEEF!
MAYBE YOU'LL
GET SOME
SENSE NOW!

I'VE BEEN A
FOOL,
MARSHAL--
BUT I CAN'T
LET DURKIN
GET AWAY
WITH IT!

YOUNG
REILLY
BORROWED
A GUN
BEFORE
ANYONE
COULD
STOP HIM,
THEN
HEADED
FOR THE
STREET
AND
A
SHOW-
DOWN...



MR. HICKOK WAS RIGHT
ABOUT YOU, DURKIN--
YOU'RE A CROOK!

YOU HEARD WHAT HE CALLED
US, BOYS! GET 'IM!



THE KID'S CRAZY!

I WAS CRAZY TO
LISTEN TO YOU,
NOW I'M GONNA
BREAK
YOU IN
HALF!



IT LOOKS AS THOUGH
THE KID LEARNED
SOMETHING--
IN THAT TENDER-
FOOT
SCHOOL
AFTER
ALL!



LATER...

HOWDY,
PAT. YOU
LOOK
GOOD,
SON. HI,
BILL. IS
MY RANCH
STILL IN ONE
PIECE?
DIDN'T
DURKIN
TAKE IT
AWAY
FROM
YOU?

NOPE! PAT OWNS
THE DURKIN
SPREAD NOW!
I WON IT AT
POKER--
THEN THE
KID WON
IT FROM ME
PLAYIN'
CHECKERS!
HE'S ALL
RIGHT,
JAKE!

COWBOY WESTERN

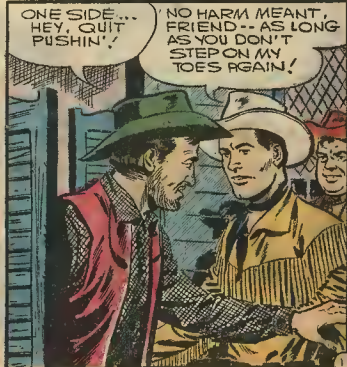
Wild Bill Hickok AND Jingles

in **THIEF'S
DEPUTY**

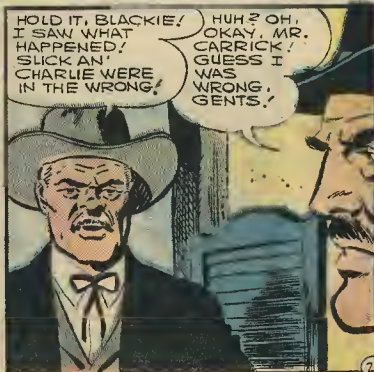
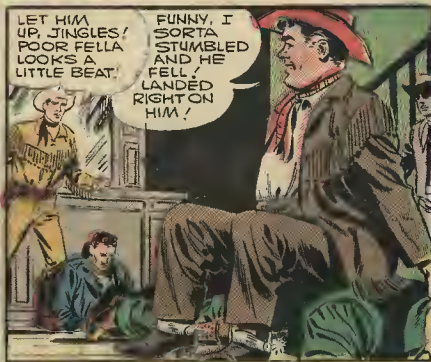
LODEVILLE WAS TOUGH UNDER ORDINARY CIRCUMSTANCES. BUT WHEN WILD BILL HICKOK AND JINGLES ARRIVED THEY FOUND GUNMEN, HOLDUP ARTISTS AND WANTED OUTLAWS ROAMING THE STREETS FREELY! THE MAN WEARING THE BADGE, BLACKIE WOODS, DIDN'T MIND AT ALL...



WILD BILL AND HIS SIDE-KICK WORE NO BADGES WHEN THEY HIT TOWN... BUT IT WOULDN'T HAVE MADE FRIENDS FOR THEM IF THEY HAD...



COWBOY WESTERN



COWBOY WESTERN

THE ONLY HOTEL IN TOWN WAS THEIR NEXT STOP! WILD BILL CHECKED THE REGISTER CAREFULLY BEFORE HE RENTED A ROOM...

IF YE WANT A ROOM ON THE SECOND FLOOR IN THE REAR, YE'LL HAVE TO TAKE THE ONE NEXT TUH MR. CARRICK! AN' BE QUIET-- MR. CARRICK KINDA RUNS THIS TOWN!

I GOT THAT IDEA! THANKS!



WE DIDN'T EAT YET, BILL! WHAT DID YOU INSIST ON THIS PARTICULAR ROOM FOR?

I WANT TO LEARN A LITTLE ABOUT CARRICK BEFORE I... SHH... SOMEONE'S IN THERE NOW!



YUH NEARLY ARRESTED WILD BILL HICKOK, BLACKIE! THEY'RE HERE ON BUSINESS-- AND I WANT TO KEEP AN EYE ON THEM! OFFER THEM A DEPUTY'S BADGE! WE'LL FIGURE OUT A WAY TO GET RID OF THEM LATER!



LATER, AFTER JINGLES HAD PUT AWAY TWO STEAKS AND AN APPLE PIE...

YOU BOYS CAN HANDLE YOURSELVES! HOW'D YUH LIKE A DEPUTY'S JOB?

WE'D LIKE THAT FINE, SHERIFF!



THE NEW BADGES WILD BILL AND JINGLES FOUND LITTLE TO DO IN THE NEXT TWO DAYS... BUT THEY LEARNED A GREAT DEAL...

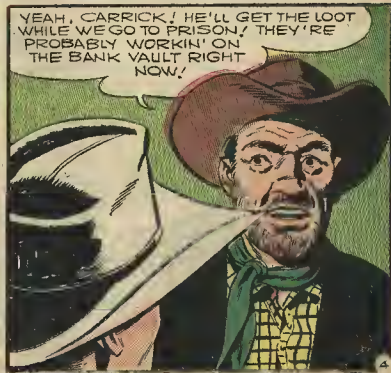
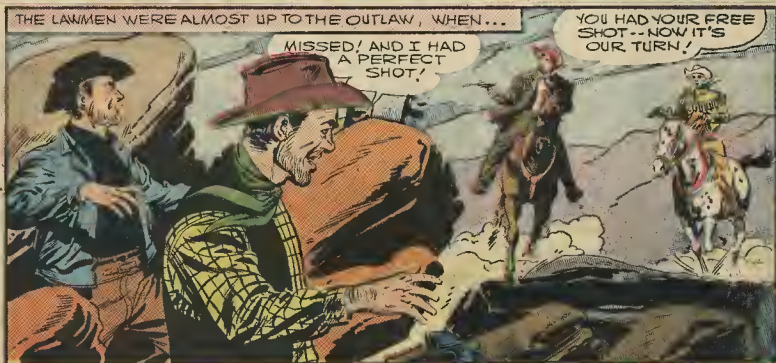
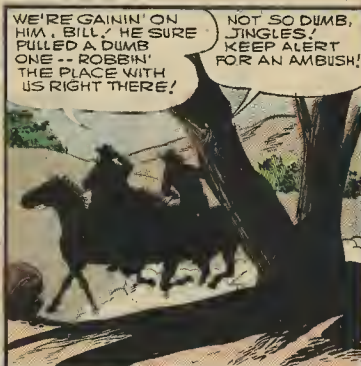
BILL, THIS TOWN IS FULL OF OWL-HOOTERS!



SURE! SINCE SHERIFF TRASK WAS SHOT, THE WORD GOT AROUND THAT LODEVILLE IS SAFE!



COWBOY WESTERN



COWBOY WESTERN

MARSHAL HICKOK KNEW THAT HIS GUESS ABOUT CARRICK HAD BEEN RIGHT, LEAVING THE PRISONERS WITH JINGLES HE STARTED FOR TOWN...



THERE'S ONLY ONE PLACE I KNOW WHERE THERE ARE MEN WHO HATE CARRICK AND THE FAKE SHERIFF! THAT'S RIGHT HERE IN JAIL!

IT TOOK A FEW MINUTES TO UNLOCK THE CELLS. MEN ARRESTED ON 'BLACKIE WOODS' TRUMPED UP CHARGES WERE EAGER FOR REVENGE...

THE GUN RACK IN THE OFFICE IS OPEN! GET THEM, BOYS!



BLAST YOU, HICKOK! I TOLD THE BOSS YOU'D MEAN TROUBLE!

THAT'S WHY I'M HERE, WOODS! DON'T LET ANY OF THEM ESCAPE, BOYS!

BUST 'EM, BLACKIE! WE'VE GOT ENOUGH LOOT NOW TO BE RICH IF WE GET BY THEM!



NOW IT'S YOUR TURN, CARRICK!

I'LL STILL... UGH!



LATER, AFTER THE JAIL HAD BEEN RE-FILLED-- WITH OUTLAWS THIS TIME, PLUS ONE FAKE SHERIFF...

SURE, WE'LL GUARD THE PRISONERS-- BUT WE HAVE NO SHERIFF!

SHERIFF TRASK IS ON HIS WAY BACK BY BUCKBOARD! JINGLES AND I JUST CAME HERE TO TIDY THE TOWN UP A BIT FIRST!



END

COWBOY WESTERN

Wild Bill Hickok

AND

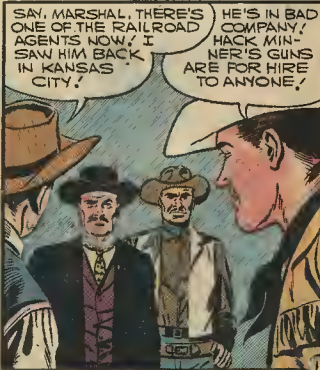
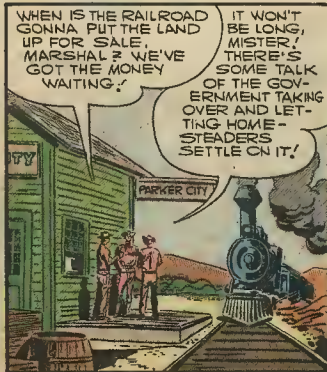
Jingles

LAND SQUEEZE

A LAWMAN'S JOB IS DANGEROUS WHEN HE'S FACING GUN-TOTING OUTLAWS AND THE ISSUE IS CLEAR CUT--BUT WHEN HE KNOWS A CRIME IS BEING COMMITTED AND HAS TO PROTECT THE CRIMINAL, THEN THE JOB IS ROUGH. WILD BILL HICKOK FOUND HIMSELF IN THAT TRAP...FORCED BY THE LAW HE WAS SWORN TO ENFORCE TO PROTECT A MAN HE KNEW WAS A THIEF.



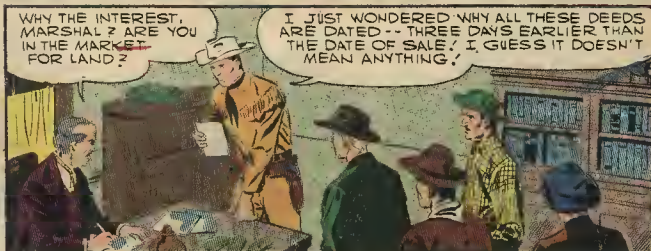
PARKER CITY WAS CROWDED WITH MEN SEEKING LAND! IT WAS ALL AROUND THEM--RICH SOIL WAITING FOR THE PLOW...



COWBOY WESTERN



THE WORD SPREAD FAST! MEN FORMED LINES TO BUY THE LAND... WILD BILL AND JINGLES HAD ALL THEY COULD DO TO KEEP ORDER...

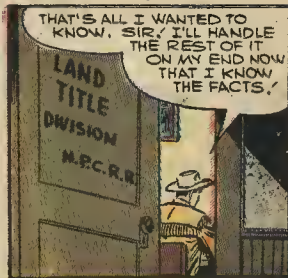


COWBOY WESTERN



WHEN HE COMES TO TELL HIM DEPUTY MARSHAL PAT BILLINGS WAS A FRIEND OF MINE! MINNER GUN- NED HIM BUT THAT WON'T WORK WITH ME!

THE RUSH FOR THE LAND WAS AS BAD THE NEXT DAY--BUT WILD BILL HICKOK WASN'T THERE! HE WAS IN AN OFFICE IN KANSAS CITY...

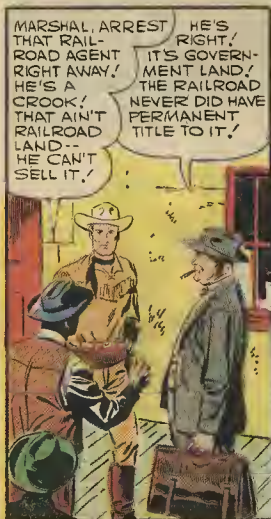


THAT'S ALL I WANTED TO KNOW, SIR, I'LL HANDLE THE REST OF IT ON MY END NOW THAT I KNOW THE FACTS!

IT WAS LATE AFTERNOON WHEN HICKOK GOT BACK TO PARKER CITY...

I HAD TUH SLOW TWO OF WELLES' HIRED GUNMEN DOWN A LITTLE, BILL! THEY WERE PUSHIN' THE FARMERS AROUND!

GOOD! KEEP AN EYE ON WELLES! IF HE TRIES TO LEAVE TOWN, LET ME KNOW!



MARSHAL, ARREST THAT RAIL- ROAD AGENT RIGHT AWAY! HE'S A CROOK! THAT AIN'T RAILROAD LAND-- HE CAN'T SELL IT!

HE'S RIGHT! IT'S GOVERN- MENT LAND! THE RAILROAD NEVER DID HAVE PERMANENT TITLE TO IT!



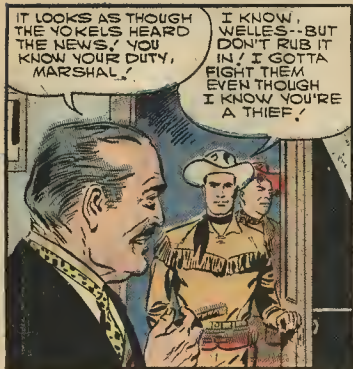
THAT'S CORRECT--BUT THOSE DEEDS ARE DATED FOUR DAYS AGO! AND WELLES IS STILL ON THE RAILROAD PAYROLL! LEGALLY, HE'S IN THE CLEAR!



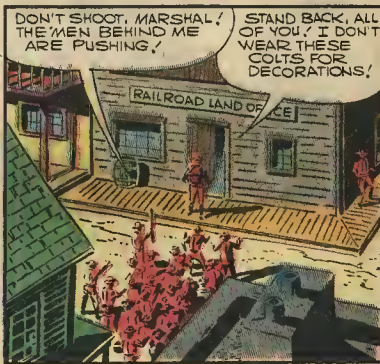
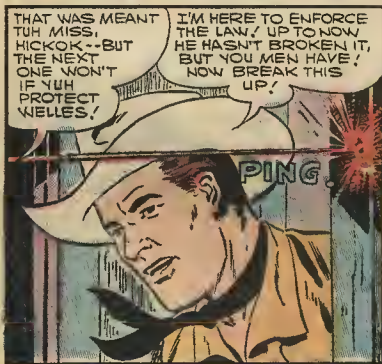
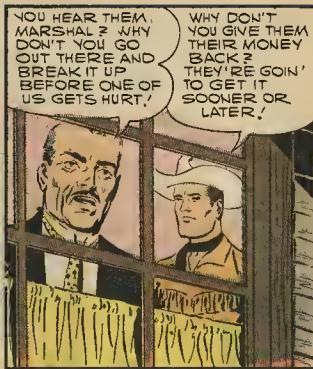
LEGALLY OR NOT, I'M GET- TIN' MY MONEY BACK! COME ON, KNUDSEN!

I WARN ALL OF YOU NOW -- I'LL HAVE TO PROTECT WELLES AGAINST MOB VIOLENCE!

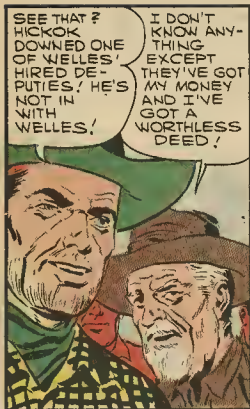
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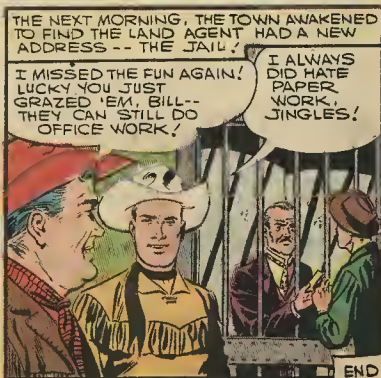
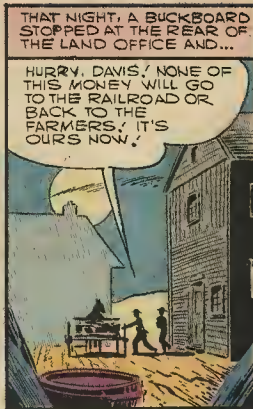
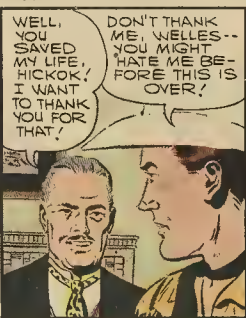
MEN TALKED-- GREW ANGRY, THEN THE FEVER OF THE MOUNT-ED! THE MAR-SHAL WAITED FOR THE FARMERS TO MAKE THE FIRST MOVE...



COWBOY WESTERN



THE SHOOTING OF HACK MINNER ENDED THE TROUBLE! SELBY WELLES PACKED PAPERS AND CASH INTO A VALISE, ALL READY TO LEAVE IN THE MORNING...



WESTERN EASTERN WIZARD IN A BLIZZARD

ON that particular Thursday, the sun rose at 6:32. It seemed by all indications that it would be a fair and pleasant day on the T-Bar Ranch. Jed Thompson, foreman, was speaking to some of the cowboys in the bunk house.

"We really got a problem on our hands. We all like Sally very much. But she had to go east and come back with this fellow. He isn't satisfied with two names. Has to have four names! How can a fellow sign such a long name like Wilbert Franklin Randolph Henderson to a contract? I grant you that Sally goes for this man. Now what does it mean? She marries him and he becomes the boss of the ranch. Unless you respect your boss and look up to him, you just don't want to work for him in this part of the West."

"What a fellow," interrupted Jed Willey. "I heard him say that the West still has a lot of adventure in it and he is going to get his share of it. Maybe we ought to hire Chief Long Legs to give a war dance. Or show how they attacked wagon trains years ago."

"He brought his own saddle with him," remarked Bill Ortins. "He had it made in England. And seven trunks full of clothing. I haven't seen him ride a horse yet. He is so polite it sort of makes me feel like I must have missed something when I was a youngster. Always says Thank You. Brother, what is the West coming to?"

At 7:39, Sally Winters was in the large room of the ranch house. The breakfast table was being set and she was supervising it. Her father looked at the tablecloth and the silverware.

"You mean I have to go through this every day?" he asked.

"Yes, dad," replied his daughter. "A lot of changes are going to be made. And I know you will like them."

"You can make the changes," admitted Joe Winters. "But that doesn't say I am going to like them. Nor this easterner you want to marry. I send you to get some education and what happens? You fall in love with a city fellow. There are a lot of good men on the ranch. Pick one of them as a husband. You need a man to run a ranch who knows cattle. I don't think this fellow of yours knows his

right hand from his left. All he does is look at you like a sick puppy."

Having said what was on his mind, Joe sat down to the table. Ten minutes later, Wilbert Franklin Randolph Henderson came down. He was wearing brown riding pants and a checked vest. Sally gave him a big hug and then a kiss.

"We are going to have a perfect day for a ride over the ranch," she told him.

"I don't think so," he contradicted her. "The temperature is falling. From my room I noticed the haze around the sun. Know what is going to happen?"

"What?" demanded a father who found it difficult to control his temper.

"You are going to get a blizzard. Better send out the cowboys at once to round up the stock. Then make emergency preparations to handle the situation. Otherwise you will lose every steer on this ranch. I would also warn the neighboring ranches of the situation."

Joe Winters was about to tell the young man to pack up and go home before something unexpected happened. He opened his mouth. A threatening look from his daughter caused him to close his mouth without saying anything. Breakfast passed quickly. Then at 8:30, the foreman entered.

"The sky looks all crazy. I could almost swear we are going to have some snow."

There was complete silence in the room. Joe Winters quickly explained the prediction just made by Mr. Henderson. Half jesting, the foreman remarked:

"I guess he knows just what we should do."

"I certainly do," was the reply. "Get every man assembled outside. All in winter clothing. You have twenty minutes. I'll be with you."

A look from the boss of the T-Bar Ranch told the foreman to follow orders. There was something in the way Mr. Henderson spoke that made you feel he knew what to do. All work was stopped at the ranch and the cowboys assembled at the given time. A man dressed in deep winter clothing stood in front of them. The snow was now falling.

"This snow is going to pile up into drifts. Two thirds of you will mount your horses

and drive the cattle here towards the ranch building. I will give each one of you a wrist compass which you must wear. We shall also burn a large red beacon fire to help guide you. You have to work against time."

The cowboys mounted their horses and under the direction of their foreman went out on the ranch. Mr. Henderson then spoke to the remaining group.

"You have barrels of oil here on the ranch. I noticed them yesterday piled up against the wall of the south building. If you burn the oil on the snow, then you will get warm water. You must have water for the animals to drink. They won't be able to take up water in the form of snow. You have a brook on the north side of the ranch. But that will be frozen solid within six hours."

"Mister," said one of the cowboys, "what you say makes a heap of common sense to me. I'll follow your orders. They say out here it is a good thing to mind your business. But I'm just curious. For an easterner, how do you know so much about this ranch?"

There was a smile on the face of Mr. Henderson. He just gave a simple answer.

"This entire ranch is filed acre for acre in the county seat on a topographical map. I studied that map. Now you get working. I have other things to put into action."

Mr. Henderson walked to another group of cowboys who were waiting for orders. He pointed to some logs.

"Hitch those logs up to some of the horses and drag them over the ground. Then get some planks and we'll bolt them together. That will give us some rude snow plows. We must keep some kind of a path open for the steers."

The snow kept on falling and the men kept on working. Hour after hour the rounded up animals were herded into the cleared area. A large ditch had been dug and melted snow turned into water was given to them. Emergency feed bags had been opened.

"What do we do when we run out of the feed?" asked Joe Winters.

"When tomorrow comes, I'll take care of that problem," replied Mr. Henderson with confidence in his voice. Sally was at his side. She was happy, puzzled, and proud.

There was no rest for the tired cowboys. They directed the animals back towards the ranch. They would jump down and get some hot coffee. Sally and the ranch cook worked overtime keeping the small stove going. One

thing was evident. The animals were surviving. Mike Timbers, of the Lazy-R Ranch came over. Half his stock had perished.

"Ran up against the barbed wire and piled up stiff," he lamented.

"But what goes here? Is this a round up?"

"Better ask Mr. Henderson, my future son-in-law," replied Joe Winters. "Just now he is in charge of everything. That fellow is one bundle of energy and ideas. I take my hat off to him. Wait until tomorrow. You might as well stay here. You'll never get back to your ranch."

By morning of the next day the snow had stopped. But the wind was blowing and causing high snow drifts. None of the cowboys had slept at all during the night. Mr. Henderson was now in the bunk house telling them about his next idea.

"The cattle haven't enough sense in them to paw through the snow for grass. There's enough grass around here to feed that herd for a week. By that time the snow will have melted and you can drive the herd northwards to feed them."

"But what about now?" asked the foreman.

"Take all the horses you have. Horses have enough sense to paw through the snow. That will take care of part of the herd. In order to feed the rest, we'll use the snow plows and clear part of the land."

A week later the sun was shining. The blizzard was now a part of a bitter memory for most people. Wilbert Franklin Randolph Henderson was merely sleeping twenty hours a day to make up for some lost time. Joe Winters and a group of ranchers were facing Sally.

"You can't tell me he is an easterner!", insisted Sally's father, "who came here for some adventure! Just who is he?"

"He's from the east alright," ventured Mike Timbers of the Lazy-R Ranch. "He just happens to be head of the government experimental ranch at Hollows Point. His name sort of sounded familiar to me. Just the country's greatest expert on cattle. What a break some people get. Sally gets him for a husband. And you, Joe, get him on the ranch."

"Good morning everybody," interrupted the voice of Mr. Henderson. "I'm a bit hungry. Got anything to eat?"

"Coffee and flapjacks in a minute darling," said Sally. "I had to go East to get the best expert on the West. But it was worth it."

THE END

COWBOY WESTERN

Wild Bill Hickok

AND

Jingles

THE MARSHAL IN A TOUGH COW TOWN NEEDS MORE THAN FAST GUNS AND COURAGE -- HE NEEDS THE RESPECT OF THE CITIZENS! HE CAN NEVER BACK DOWN OR THE WAITING MOB WILL TEAR HIM TO BITS! WILD BILL HICKOK'S RECORD WAS CLEAN UNTIL THE SOUND OF RACING HOOFES AND THE CRASH OF BREAKING GLASS BROUGHT THE...

CHALLENGE FROM A BADMAN



LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE RICH, AL! THIS FIVE DOLLAR BILL WAS ATTACHED TO IT TOO!

THAT WON'T BUY A NEW WINDOW! HEY, BILL, IT'S AN AD!



YOU CAN'T MEET HIM, BILL! HE'LL HAVE THE DECK STACKED SOME WAY! LOOK-- I WON'T PRINT THE AD!

TO MARSHAL WILD BILL HICKOK --
IF YOU DON'T MEET ME OUTSIDE YOUR OFFICE AT NOON FRIDAY, YOU'LL PROVE YOU'RE AS CHICKEN HEARTED AS YOU ALWAYS WERE!

JITTERS
NEDROW

COWBOY WESTERN

PRINT IT, AL! JITTERS HAS SOMETHING ELSE ON HIS MIND AND I WANT TO FIND OUT WHAT IT IS!



FRIDAY CAME-- THE DAY THE GAZETTE WAS PRINTED-- EVERY-- ONE IN TOWN WATCHED THE MINUTES TICK CLOSER TO NOON AND THE SOUND OF DEADLY SIXGUNS...

WE'RE WITH YOU, MARSHAL! IF YUH NEED HELP, JUST SAY THE WORD!

THANKS, FRIEND! I RECKON ME AND JINGLES CAN HANDLE ANYTHING THAT COMES UP!



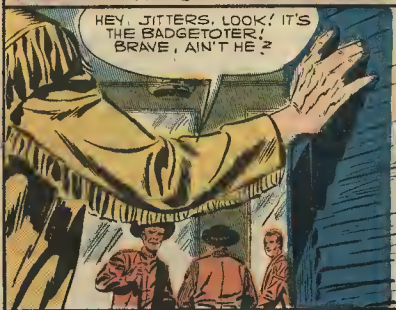
HEY, JITTERS IS ALREADY IN TOWN! HE'S ACROSS THE STREET IN THE ACE HIGH BRAGGIN' HOW HE'S GOT YOU BUFFALOED!

LET 'IM BRAG! JINGLES! COME INSIDE--I'LL HAVE MY HANDS FULL ABOUT NOON AND SO WILL YOU!



IT WAS A FEW MINUTES BEFORE ELEVEN WHEN HICKOK LEFT THE JAIL AND CROSSED THE STREET TO WHERE JITTERS WAS WAITING...

HEY, JITTERS. LOOK! IT'S THE BADGETOTER! BRAVE, AIN'T HE?



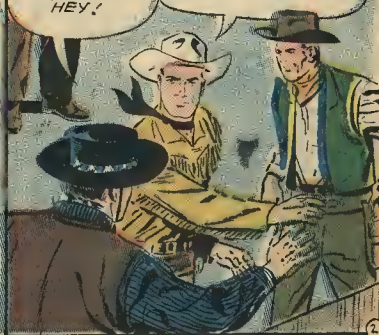
HICKOK! WHAT'S THE MATTER? GONNA TRY TUH TALK ME OUTTA SHOOTIN' YUH?

NOPE! I JUST CAME IN TO MAKE SURE YOU'RE IN SHAPE TO GO THROUGH WITH IT! DON'T SELL HIM ANYTHING, BARTENDER!



YUH'RE NOT TELLING... HEY!

I'M STILL RUNNIN' THIS TOWN, JITTERS!



COWBOY WESTERN

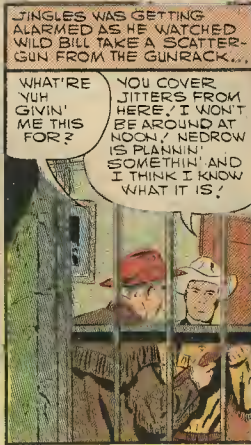


I DON'T LIKE ANYONE SNEAKIN' AROUND BEHIND ME-- ESPECIALLY IF HE'S TOTIN' A GUN!



YUH'LL GET SHOT ONE OF THESE DAYS TURNIN' YORE BACK ON DRYGULCHERS LIKE THEM!

THEY DON'T LIKE WITNESSES, JINGLES! COME ON!



JINGLES WAS GETTING ALARMED AS HE WATCHED WILD BILL TAKE A SCATTER-GUN FROM THE GUNRACK...

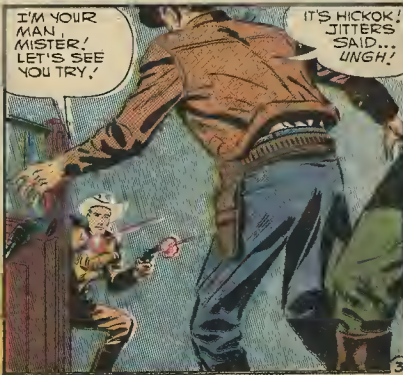
WHAT'RE YUH GIVIN' ME THIS FOR?

YOU COVER JITTERS FROM HERE, I WON'T BE AROUND AT NOON! NEDROW IS PLANNIN' SOMETHIN' AND I THINK I KNOW WHAT IT IS!

IT WAS A FEW MINUTES TO THE HOUR WHEN FOUR MEN RODE QUIETLY INTO TOWN AND STOPPED AT THE BANK. NO ONE WAS AROUND-- THEY WERE AT THE OTHER END OF TOWN WAITING TO SEE THE GUN BATTLE...



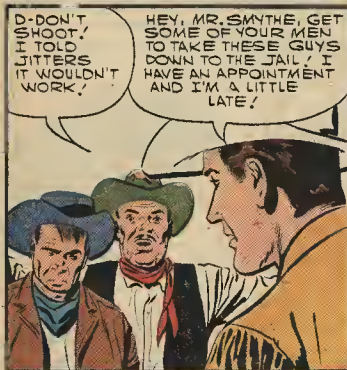
ALL RIGHT, BOYS, WE'RE HERE FOR THE MONEY! WE WANT IT ALL AND THE FIRST ONE WHO SQUAWKS GETS HURT!



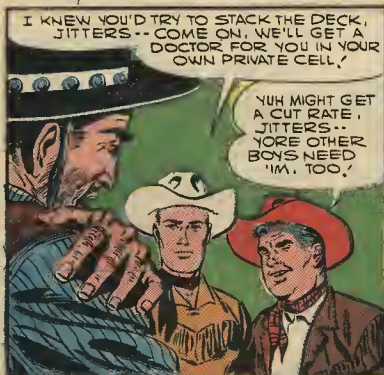
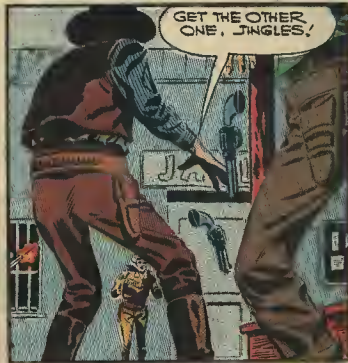
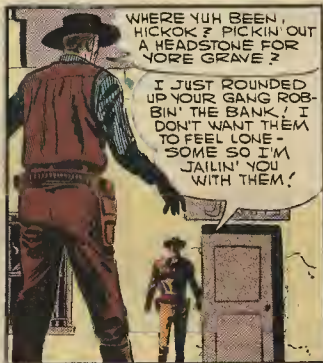
I'M YOUR MAN, MISTER! LET'S SEE YOU TRY!

IT'S HICKOK! JITTERS SAID... UNGH!

COWBOY WESTERN

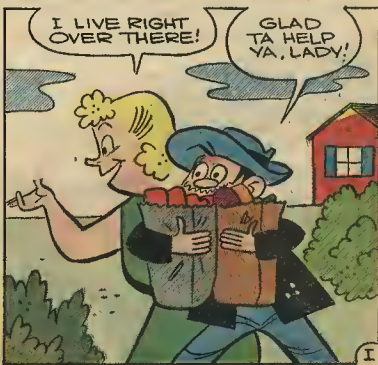
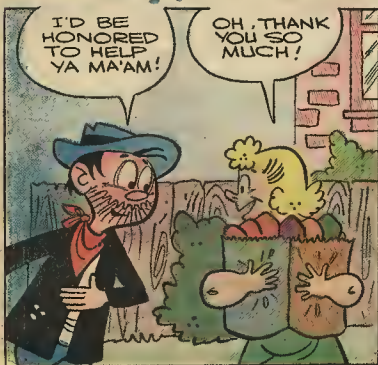
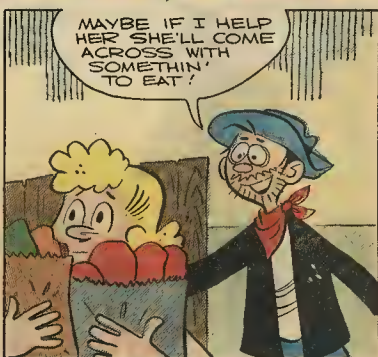
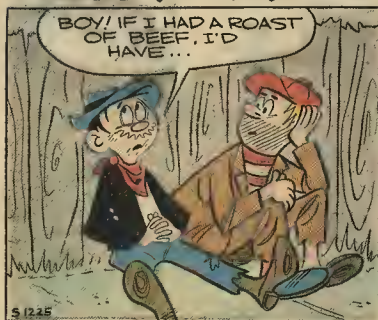


THE ENTIRE TOWN WAITED UNDER COVER... WATCHING WILD BILL WALKING DOWN THE DESERTED STREET TO MEET JITTERS NEDROW..

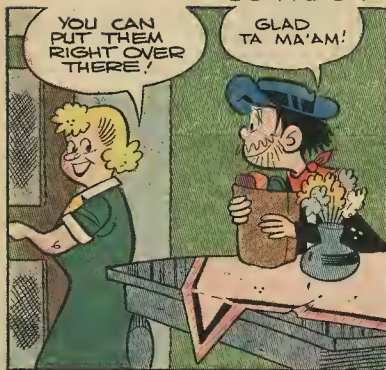


COWBOY WESTERN

TOOLEY the TRAMP



COWBOY WESTERN



Annie **Oakley**

COWBOY WESTERN
IN A HELPLESS FEMALE

IN THE FAR WEST, IN ANNIE OAKLEY'S DAY, A FEMALE CRITTER WAS GENERALLY CONSIDERED FRAIL AND HELPLESS AND THEY WERE TREATED THAT WAY. IF THE LADY HAPPENED TO BE SOMEONE LIKE ANNIE OAKLEY, SHE PRETENDED TO BE LIKE ALL THE OTHERS. SOMETIMES, THOUGH, SHE COULDN'T HELP TAKING CHARGE WHEN THE MEN COULDN'T HANDLE A SITUATION.

THE WILD WEST SHOW HAD A STOP-OVER IN A SMALL TOWN ON THE SLOPES OF THE ROCKIES... SO ANNIE OAKLEY GRABBED THE CHANCE FOR A RIDE-- AND TOOK TWO GIRLS ALONG...

GEE, IT'S NICE OUT HERE, ANNIE. I WISH I HAD A RIDING OUTFIT LIKE YOURS SO I COULD RIDE LIKE YOU!

IN A FEW YEARS, ALL WOMEN WILL RIDE LIKE THIS, MARIE!



COME BACK, ANNIE! JIM HAVER AIN'T NO ONE FOR A WOMAN TO BUCK!

HAVER'LL BE IN MEXICO BY THE TIME MIKE GETS ON THAT HORSE. I RECKON I'LL HAVE TO BRING HAVER BACK MYSELF.



ANNIE, A SNAKE!

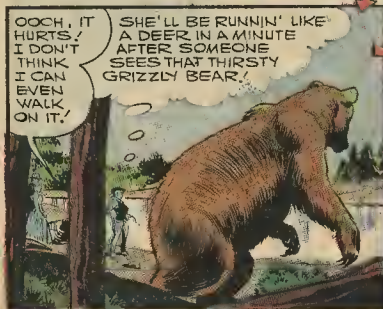
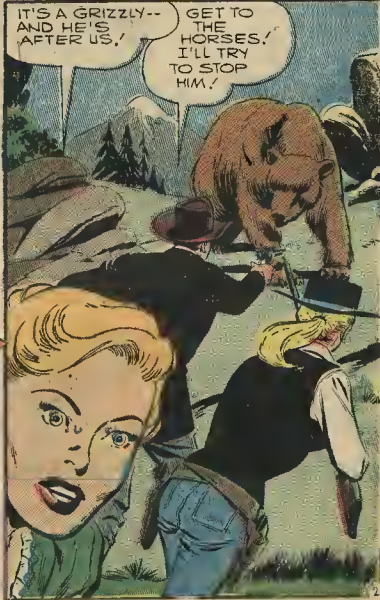
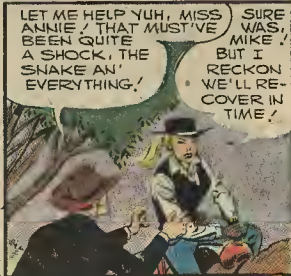
GRAB LEATHER AN' HANG ON, I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE SNAKE!



COWBOY WESTERN



MIKE WILLARD LED THEM TO A SPRING NEARBY SO THE GIRL COULD BATHE A WRENCHED ANKLE! ALL THREE WERE AT THEIR HELPLESS BEST.



COWBOY WESTERN

MIKE IS SCARED AND I DON'T BLAME HIM. THIS BUFFALO GUN WILL STOP THE CRITTER THOUGH.



IT'S ALL RIGHT, GIRLS. HE CAN'T HURT YOU NOW.

YOU HAD COURAGE, MISTER, ANOTHER TWO FEET AND THAT GRIZZLY'D BE WEARIN' YORE SCALP!



MIKE WILLARD ENJOYED THE JOB OF PROTECTING THE LADIES. HE INVITED THEM TO HIS RANCH WHERE MARIE'S ANKLE COULD BE BANDAGED RIGHT...

YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE IT, BUT THAT'S THE FIRST GRIZZLY I EVER SHOT. MAYBE I SHOULD GO BACK AND SKIN HIM. HUH?

NO, I MEAN... DON'T, MIKE! LET'S FORGET ABOUT THE BEAR! HOW'S THE RANCHIN' BUSINESS THESE DAYS?



NOT SO GOOD, MISS ANNIE. I'VE GOT GOOD GRASS AND PLenty OF WATER, BUT RUSTLERS ARE STEALIN' MY BEEF. I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO SELL AT JIM HAVER'S PRICE, LOW AS IT IS.



FROM WHAT YOU TOLD ME, MIKE, I'D SAY HAVER IS THE RUSTLER. WHY NOT BEND A SIX-GUN AROUND HIS EARS AND TELL 'IM TO LAY OFF?

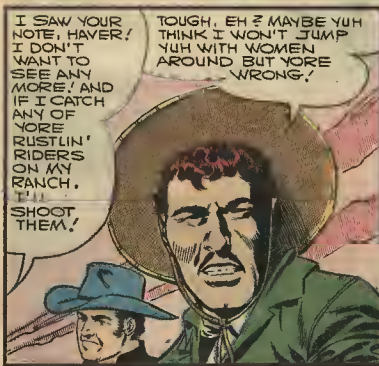
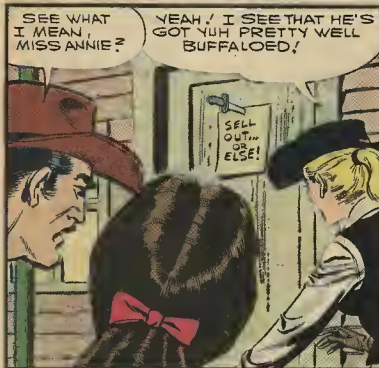
IT'S NO USE, MISS ANNIE. HIS OUTFIT IS TOO BIG FOR ME TO BUCK!



LISTEN, MIKE-- I KNOW IT'S NOT THAT YO'RE YELLOW. I SAW YUH TACKLE THAT GRIZZLY WITH A SIX-GUN. IF YOU'RE AFTER HAVER, I'LL HELP YUH.



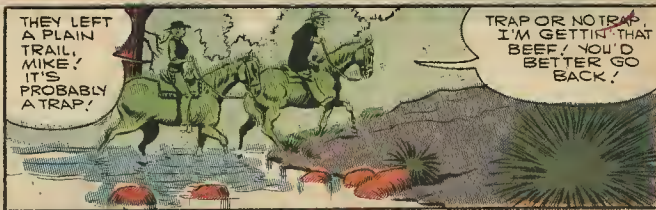
COWBOY WESTERN



COWBOY WESTERN



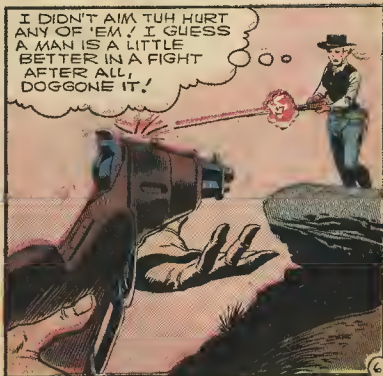
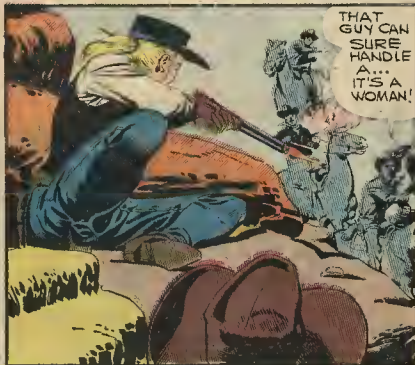
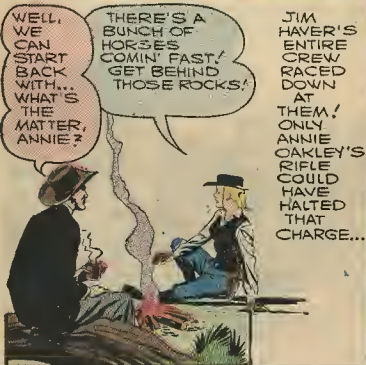
MIKE'S CREW HAD BEEN FRIGHTENED AWAY SO ANNIE RODE WITH HIM AS HE HEAD-ED FOR THE HIGH GRASS...



THEY COULD HEAR THE CATTLE IN THE VALLEY AHEAD... AND THEN THEY HEARD THE WHIP OF RIFLE BULLETS PAST THEIR EARS...



COWBOY WESTERN



COWBOY WESTERN

JIM HAVER HAD THEM SURROUNDED BUT HIS MEN WOULD NOT CHARGE IN FOR THE FINISH! ANNIE'S RIFLE WAS FAR TOO ACCURATE! BUT HAVER HAD ANOTHER IDEA...



MEANWHILE, ON THE RIDGE LOOKING DOWN INTO THE VALLEY...

THERE THEY ARE, SHERIFF! THAT HAVER CHARACTER MEANS BUSINESS!

SO DO I! I'VE BEEN TRYIN' TO GET ENOUGH EVIDENCE TO ARREST HIM FOR A YEAR! NOW I HAVE IT, THANKS TO YOU!



I'M GETTIN' TIRED OF MISSING YOU BIRDS! IF ANY OF YOU MOVE I'LL FORGET I'M A LADY!

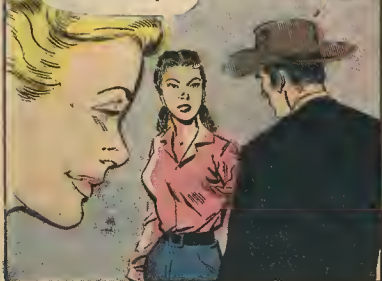
YUH AIN'T JUST A LADY--YO'RE A BUZZ SAW! I'M GLAD IT'S OVER!

IT TOOK ANNIE TO BEAT YOU, HAVER! YOU'LL GO TO JAIL FOR A LONG, LONG TIME!



I WAS WORRIED, SO I BORROWED YOUR DUNGAREES AND RODE FOR THE SHERIFF. WAS IT ALL RIGHT?

IT WAS WONDERFUL, MARIE! IS YOUR ANKLE HURTIN' MUCH?



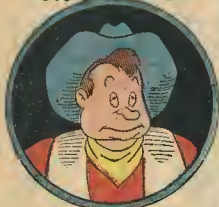
SEE WHAT I MEAN? I RESCUE THE GUY, GET HIS CATTLE BACK, BUT MARIE PLAYS THE HELPLESS FEMALE PART AND GETS THE MAN. YUH CAN'T BLAME US--THE MEN LIKE IT THAT WAY!



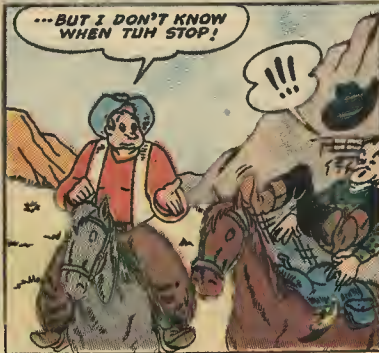
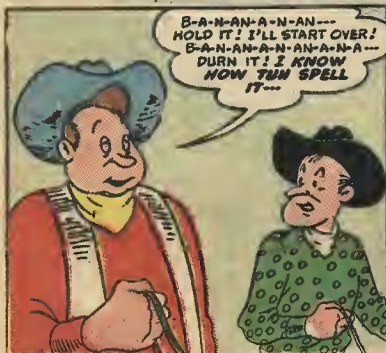
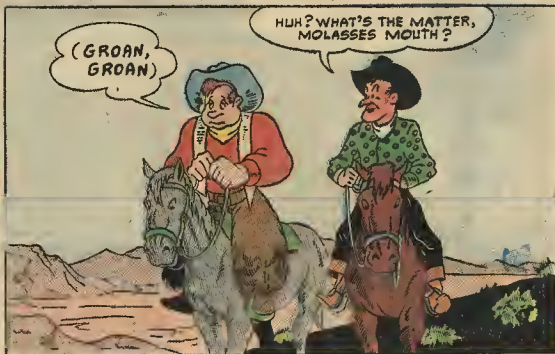
END

COWBOY WESTERN-

MOLASSES MOUTH



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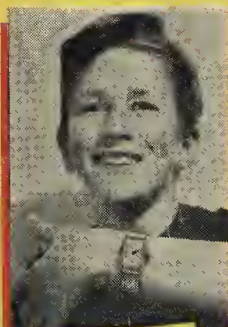
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You can have any one of these wonderful prizes (shown above) at absolutely no cost to you. They are given without cost for selling just one 30-pack order of American Christmas Cards at 25c a pack. Each pack contains 5 cards and envelopes. Our big prize book sent with your first order of cards shows over 80 NO COST prizes to choose from. Amazingly easy; all you do is mail the coupon, sell your cards, get your prize.

BE FIRST IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD

Everybody wants these new colorful, high-quality Christmas Cards—they've been sold from coast to coast for 38 years. You'll sell them quickly to your family, friends and neighbors. Many boys and girls sell their cards in one day and get their prize at once. You can, too.

SEND NO MONEY-WE TRUST YOU

Paste coupon on postcard or mail in envelope. Send no money. Your colorful cards and free prize book will be mailed to you at once. American Specialty Company, Dept. 4, Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Our 38th Year.

CUT OUT AND MAIL NOW

AMERICAN SPECIALTY COMPANY
Dept. 4, Lancaster, Pennsylvania

Please send me your big prize book and one 30-pack order of American Christmas Cards. I will sell them at 25c a pack, send you the money and choose my prize

Name.....

Address.....

Town.....State.....

*Check local laws before ordering this prize